Giving It.

By Aldis Dunbar

*Be off, now, for I'll not leave me work waltin' while I'm rubbin' me brain to think of old wives' talk. Betther to let me go out, peaceable like, as Pol said to King Diarmid. A-ah, sure an' I'm in for it now, No sit down, with yer red apples to roast, an' hearken while I tell yees how it came

"Twas mighty fond o' money was King Diarmid. Not fer spendin' it on rich clothin', or to have a fine place for livin' in, or to have a grand big army at his beckonin'; but just for sake o' savin' it an' pilin' it up in his strong room -that was the only spot in all his castle not leakin' at the roof an' lettin' in rain that easy.

Sure so little was he for gettin' the good o' that pile o' gold that he went abroad in a faded old doublet that was scarce holdin' together, but for bein' mended every day by Queen Dorcha; an' the storms beat in free on the floors o' the old tumble-down castle, where the laste bit o' wind shook the doors an' windows nigh to fallin' in: an' his servin' men an' his soldiers were paid so ill that 'twas scant good he got o'

Even his sons went off in the far land to seek fortune, havin' small likin' for stayin' with him an' nigh on starvin' (forbye they went huntin' unbeknownst like, an' roasted their game over a fire o' sticks in the forest).

But never a bit mattered all that to King Diarmid, while his pile o' sacks o' money were fillin' his strong room half to the rafters, an' the great heavy iron key (the one bit o' shaped iron in the castle not red with rustin') hung safe at his belt ready for usin' night an' day.

Now, fine strong young men were his sons, an' good at leapin' an' wrestlin' an' fightin' too, an' as long as they were bidin' that part o' the country, none dreamed o' molestin' King Diarmid; but when the neighborin' kings and high chieftains learned that no longer would any o' them stay near his father, an' that Diarmid's fightin' men were growin' fewer each day that dawned -they minded the tales told o' the reason o' that same-an' began to think how pleasan' 'twould be to see his bags o' gold hoppin' into their own keepin', that would know

how to make betther use o' them. "So all looked round to search out good excuses for invadin' his lands; an' before long 'twas every few days some train o men in armor came ridin' up to the castle o' Diarmid, wantin' him to pay for some hurt done by his people. An' while Diarmid knew 'twas but shammin' to wring gold from him, yet so scant was his army an' so full o' discontent, that he dared not threaten resistin', for fearin' havin' to pay up his soldiers before they'd be afther fightin' his hattles.

"He tried puttin' their claimin' off with soft words an excuses, but ever an' always they came again, an' with more men at their backs, demandin' gold. An' at last came the day when payin' had to be done. whatever came next, for nea o' three kingdoms were battherin' at his gates, that would stand but little o' such treatin'.

"Mournin' he was as he sent word for openin' the doors an' lettin' them in: an' a long face was his as he stood peerin' at a little hole in the wall, watchin' them ridin' away afther, each by his own road an' carryin' the good gold before them on their

"He locked up the low iron door, an raged around somethin' fearful, so that poor Queen Dorcha was dreadin' her li'e might go next. When he had made an end o' stravagin' an' dancin' furious upstairs an' down the halls, he went out an' sat at the crossroads talkin' to himself.

Tis a beggar I'll be before me hour' says he. 'An' me ungrateful sons leavin' me to be plundered unmerciful like! An' when those villains o' King Mahon an' King Duvan an' his brother get home an' tell their masthers that I've gold laid up, 'tis no peace o' me life I'll be havin'. An none to turn to for tellin' me what to do to

get the betther o' their rob! in me.' 'Now, while he was sittin' lamentin', he heard a queer small sound behind him. in the long grass; an' whippin' round quick an' unexpected he caught sight o' somethin' scarlet slippin' past him.

Sudden as a flash he reached for it: an' though he lost balance and went heels over head off the stone where he'd been perchin', yet when he picked himself up an' shook the dust from his old duds, he was still holdin' on to the bit o' red that was a wee small pointed cap.

"He looked at it in an' outside, as if he

was hopin' to find gold in it; an' then an odd bit of a voice piped up: 'Tis me cap o' power ye're squeezin'

in yer big awkard hands. Give it to me, and may evil follow ye all the way ye go. sittin' or standin', or goin' an' payin' gold.

"This last frightened King Diarmid, an' he looked up, an' there in the dust o' the road stood none other than the King o the Little People, holdin' out his hand an' hoppin' from one foot to its mate for eagerness to have his own again. But King Diarmid was crafty, havin' heard

much o' what the Little People were able 'What'll ye give me for returnin' it?'

asked he.

while I'm afther countin' ten,' says the little man; an' with that he began: 'One two, three,' an' true it is that King Diarmid could think o' naught but what had been in his mind the moment before.

'Some one to auvise me,' he gasped, fearin' that he'd not get the words out fast But the little King laughed, with some-

thin' wickeder nor words in the chuckle of

'That I will,' says he. 'An 'a fine counsellor ye'll be findin' him. Sure, Pol is his name; an' advice is the very marrow o' his bones an' the blood o' his body, so don't be usa' nim up too fast, an' be left wantin

"With that he pulled a wee tiny dotteen of a man from his own pocket, an' held him up like a doll in his hand.

"Grow bigger!" say he to that same. 'Grow bigger! Grow up! Grow up! I'm tellin' ye what for yer good. Grow up! Grow up! an' as he spoke the wee thing began to take on size; an' before King Diarmid's cyes it sudden grew to be as high as the King o' the Little People, an' mighty

little counsellor, an' ran home with him to the castle, an' set him in a corner while he took breath.

"Ye must lodge me in a room where no rain comes in, said Pol. "'But there's none only me strong room," says the Diarmid, fearful for his treasure. Then must ye plu me there," sa

ii tle man. An' so it had to be. "Now before long, by heedin' the advisi o' wee Pol, King Diarmid began to be get : even with all his foes, an' his i'c as mey without disturbin'; for he learned to be ai r settia' trays that showed all men trespassi. how he was no more to be put upon

"But 'twas careful King I ia mid had to e, for each time t a he asked concern-'somethin' he saw the thing shrink a bit an' grow less, an' he remembered what the king o' the Little People had warned him of Yet 'twas far from easy to keep from getti is relief from troubles; an' one day he noiced that his small man was but half the size he'd been

"What shall I do with ye?" he asked. "Put me out to sit in the middle o' the road," says Pol, "an' hearken what comes

"So Diarmid carried him out to the crossroads, an' set him down, an' there he started up howlin', so that all comin' by stopped to

"I've hurt me toe! cried Pol the coun-"'Put it in the runnin' water,' says one.

"'Rub it well,' says another; an' the one a'ther had his own way o' curin' it, an' told "An' with each piece of advisin' given him

the creature grew fatter a: d taller, as it had been somethin' good for eatin'. An' when ie was as big as aforetime King Diarmid arried him home again to keep company with his bags of richness, that had grown il they righ filed the strongroom. ""Twas a dish of advice I was needin'."

says the wee thing. "'An' what kind?' asked Diarmid.

"'Any that comes,' was the answer. "So, whenever the King thought that wee Poll was shrinkin' because o' givin' too much advisin', he recommended him to tie his shoe, or brush his coat, or somethin' o' the sort, an' talked serious to him about bein' generous; an' he grew right away, an' th ove mightily.

"Now a time came when his sons turned up at home for visitin'. An' Diarmid kept the door o' his money room fast locked. for fear o' their gettin' any, or perhaps makin' friends with Pol, an' gettin' advice about askin' him for a few gold pieces. ""Tis not goin' to do at all, keepin' me

close shut in here,' says the little man. 'Betther to let me out.' "'Not I,' says Diarmid. 'I've a wiser

trick nor that in me mind." "'Aye, but let me go peaceable,' says

"'Keep ye still,' says Diarmid; an' with that for his supper the wee man had to be

"But him, that was used to runnin' round the castle at will, took ill to bein' behind bars; an' all King Diarmid could get from him was, 'Let me out! Let me out!'

"Moreover, his sons were beginning to be curious about the strange thing that squealed in beyond; an' asked more questions than Diarmid found comfortin'.

"So there came a night when thunder rumbled an' growled overhead at a great rate; an' the lightnin' was amazin' bright. But when King Diarmid went in for a last peep at the little man all he could spy was a small dark thing perched on the bags up in a corner.

"I advise ve solemniv to let me out here, or ye'll repent it" says the small

"When me sons is gone," answered Diarmid, not even tra in' him to advice on bein' silent, but goin' out again an' sat down to what supper there was,

"An' now began a terrible racketin' 'rownin' the roarin' o' thunder an' the 'rippin' o' the min on their supper table

" 'Twas 'Let me out!' in a big voice first then 'Let me out!' in one fainter, till with it all ve'd ha' thought each stone in the cracket old castle was shoutin' to get out

of its lodgin'. sons from searchin' to see what was wrong; but at last the squealin' ceased an' all

"But when-that very next morn's morn '-Diariai' went to speak with his counin'—Diamati went to speak with his coun-sellor, sure not a shedow o' Pol was to be found in any chin't for he'd dene hat ght less than sweed a lwisin' to King Diarmi' to let him go free, till he'd squealed himself— hady an' ol thes an' swell red nose—away nto nothin' at all, ar' never was he seen 'An' that's all: an' ve'll know now what

they mean when they say a man shelrke from givin' advice. So he off while there's enough o' me left to tend to me workin'," DEATH NOT AN EVIL.

Roman Catholic Doctrine Expounded by a Priest in a Magazine for the flergy.

The Rev. R. K. Wakeham in the Catholic Hom-Octic Monthly

against the goodness of God

1. Death is no greater evil at one period of our existence than at another, in infancy or in youth, in the prime of life, or in old age. 2 Dea h. i. e., separation of soul from body, is not an evil at all-except in case the

oul is not prepared for it.

3. That separation means simply the exinction or suspension of the life of the body until the day of resurrection, when "this coruntible must put on incorruition, and this nortal must put on immortality." (I. Corin-

ans, xv; 53.) Our Divine Saviour tells us that even

mortal must out on immortality." (I. Corinthians, xv; 53.)

4. Our Divine Saviour tells us that even when this scraration of soul and body is effected by violence it is not an evi: "And I sav to you, my friends, be not alraid of them who kill the body, and after that have no more that they en do:" (Lake xii; 4)

Second—The death of infants is a proof of God's special love for them. What is the unanimous craving of human below? To be well off. Where is a rerson better off—on earth or in heaven? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" (Mark viii: 28.)

How is good fortune estimated in this writ? Some nersons are born to all that wealth and social podition on eity. Others, by one means or another, succeed sooner or liter in right to his hostilon in a very short time. While the vist majority by life-long labor, succeed at best in graining only an honest living—and that emblitered frequently enough with sickness, source and suffering. Now which of all those classes does the world consider those who passess from their childen hood all that they can desire—provided, of course, they make good use of it is not the same true of children—infants who are taken into that house in which "there are many maniforse" (chin viy: 2)

It is faith that the soul, by bantism, is made "A child of God and heir to the kin dom of heaven"—enable of seeing God face to face. It is the will of God that a greater number of souls reach beyond the troub though the trials, termitations and sufferings of this life. But what if the exempts some from this order? "Venerable old are is not that of long time, nor counted by the number of years. A shotless life is old are, this soul pleased God: therefore he hastened to brine him out of minutities." (Wis iv. 8, 9, 14)

What more pleasing to God than the spotless soul just regenerated in the waters of bartism?

Conclusion-With much reason, therefore t'e King o' the Little People, an' mighty

Its him to look at.

'E was advice I was givin' him, ye see,'

the small King, snatchin' his cap. 'But

Cauttious o' doin' the same or he'll master

yo. See that ye don't ask too much o'
him at one advisin, 'an' that ye iollow the
word he gives'—an' he was gone like a

puff o' smoke.

"King Diarmid quick caught up the

Conclusion—With much reason, therefore, does Hol' Mother Church make a joytul
os Hol' Hother Church make a joytul
os Hol' Hother Churc

AT THE END OF THE POKER GAME.

Mr. Ellis Fails to Collect All the Stakes Won by the Four Tens in His Hand.

"One thing about the old Mississippi that makes it seem more like it was a critter nor it is like a river," said Caleb Mix, the veteran bartender on the Mississippi River packet City of Natchez, is the way it swalows up secrets an' hides 'em. 'Pears sometimes, like there was a big devil o' some kind livin' down under the water, an' once in awhile he reaches up, like a wildcat's paws, an' fetches a swipe across some feller that ain't looking an' just hauls him in like a flash, an' that's the end.

"One minute you're lookin' at a man, an' mebbe listenin' to him a alkin', an' the next minute he ain't there. You don't never see no more of him an' nobody knows nothin' about him, on'y the Mississip'. Hit knows. fr it's got him an' won't never give him up. Mebbe there'll be a body found a week after, twenty, or fifty, or a hun ired miles downstream, an' mebbe there won't, but but if 'tis there ain't no tellin' whether it's

that man or some other feller. "I was standin' on the deck the other night watchin' the rousters unload some flour at Helena. It was a dark night,an' the lights on the boat an' on the levee made me s rous pretty picture with a dark streak in the middle, right across the gang-

"The rousters was rushin' back and forth, ome on 'em singin' like niggers will someimes, when they're workin', an' the mate ussin' at 'em like they al'ays does, an' all of a sudden one feller slips, or stumbles. or somethin' an' over he goes. I seen it. an' the mate seen it, an' I heard a sort o' splash in the water, but nobody else seeme tot kano notice of it.

"The mate he stepped over to where he c'd look down, an, I fellewed, but all's we e'd see were the smooth, black water, runnin' along, swift an' silent. If there was any extry ripple we couldn't see it. The rouster had just gone down without a yelp outen him. an' if we two hadn't happene to see him fall, nobody'd ever know'd what

"Well, the mate, he looked for a minute, an' I looked, but we didn't see nothin'. He didn't say nothin', and I didn't, for

'twa'n't my place to speak. "Then he turneds back an' cus ed the others a little harder 'n he had been cussin' afore, an' that was all there was to it. Seemed a little hard on the po' feller that went down so sudden, but that's the way o' the river.

"There is cases, an' I've seen some on 'em, that don't seem so hard. 'Tain't no pleasant thing to think about goin' down into them swift waters, thinkin' about all the snags an' mud an' catfish there is below, but there's some things that's worse.

"Anyway, I reckon there's them that thinks so, for 'tain't everybody that goes over by accident like that rouster did. The old Mississip' can be mighty cruel, but there's some that rides on the boats that's more cruel than him. " 'Long in the late '50s, befo' the war

"Long in the late '50s, befo' the war was much talked of, there was a good deal o' travel between New Orleans an' the river towns in Louisiana an' Mississipi, long o' some o' the rich planters an' their women folks goin' to the city for pleasure.

"They used to travel in style, too, drivin' down to the boat in great open barouches, with hosses that was worth as much as niggers, an' a wagon full o' trunks an' a body servant goin' 'long with each one on 'em to wait on 'em.

"Some on 'em had houses in New Orleans where they'd go in the winter an' blow in all the money they'd get outen their crops on the plantations, an' some on 'em was so rich they couldn't spend it all. But

t didn't seem to make no difference to 'em whether they had money ahead, or whether they was gettin' along, as some on 'em did, on the money they got I'm the cotton factors in New Orleans for the next year's crops. They all lived like kings an' princes!

"There was one old gentleman who had a plantation back I'm the river near Vicksa plantation back I'm the river near Vicksburg, that used to go to the city each winter with his wife an come back home in the early spring, that had the name o' bein' one o' the highest rollers in town when he was there, spite of his white hair. Col. Vickers, his name was, him bein' a West Point graduate an' in the Regular army when he was young.

ward an' was killed in the first battle he fit into. They said he didn't leave a dollar, though he'd spent millions while he live i. but it didn't make much difference, for his wife died afore he did, an' they didn't

"Him an' his wife was comin' back f'm the city one spring, when the Colonel got into a game o' poker on the boat. He hadn't played on he boats afore, only two or three times, 's fur's I know, an' then only with some of his crenes, but they said his gamblin' that winter had been said his gamein that winter had been heavy enough to break banks, an I recken he'd got the fever. Nobody knowed how much ne'd lost, but it'd been enough to cripple him if he hadn't had his plantation

to fall back on.
"Pears his luck hadn't changed none for the better, for he played pretty night all night, an' long about midnight he'd sent his boy Sain, a fine, handsome nigger, that stood behind his chair while he played to wait on him, telan' him to get some money f'm Ars. Vickers that had gone to her stateroom.

her stateroom.
"The boy come back with a big roll o' bills, an' the Colonel he kept on playin' an' kept on losin', but he'd win a big pot an kept of rosin, so he 'peared to have some now an' again, so he 'peared to have some sort o' show if he c'd on'y g.t a run o' l.ck for a while, an' like any other piayer, he

kept on lookin' for it.

There was, it no professionals in the game. That is to say, there wa'n't nete of 'em that was professionals there; but one fever named falls turned out afterard to be a river gambler an' travened the boats for some years after the war.
"But this here time that I'm talkin'
about he were a cotten factor an' a good

deal of a cub man in New Oreans. 'Pears he'd done considerable business for the Colonel an' had give him right smart advar ces that winter on his next crops that values that winter on his next crops that wa'u't v. n planted yet.

The wore a slick, handsome feller, with a queer look h. Lis eyes that I of in't like, but I hadn't ever heer'd nothin' ag in him at that time.

"The other two was planters, like the

The other two was planters, like the Colone, an they was playir' a pretty tiff game, but as fur as I know it vere straight enough. Iney say this Fals vere never cau, hi in a crooked play til the last game he played, an there was some question then whether the feder that shot him y asn't the real crook, instead o' him, but

he sure did have the luck of the devil.

"They was playin' the old-fashioned game o' draw with no straights, so four aces was high hand, an' fours of anything was big enough to bet your shirt on, so an ace fun was a strong enough proposition for any man with sporting bood in him to They'd had four or five pretty still

plays after the Colonei had sent for his extra supply o' money, an' the bets had run up as high as a thousand dollars to o or three times, so they got playin harder an' harder on their average hands, like men will a hen the game gets excitin'. "Everybedy had had sides, now again, but it is as a long way to the good when the may of the evenin' come between them the characteristic of the evenin' come between the second it, but one on em, a youngish nan, we want an' buis had first ca. in

us a jack-pot an' he'd opened it for the size of it, which was \$40, an' the next man stayed. The Colonel raised it a hun-dred an' the dealer stayed, fetchin' it up to Ellis again.
"He skint his hand down careful again,

like he was afrait some of his cards ad got and any, an' he rai ed it two hundre... 'mut drove the others out, all but the Colonel an' he came back at him with five hundred

"It were a mighty strong play for three aces, for that was what he had, but there'd been consid'able b'uffin' done, an' I reckon he thought I'llis was tryin' it. Anyway, that's what he did.

that's what he did.

"I his studen a bit, like he wasn't sure whether he'd better play or lay down, but he made good an' called for two cards. Lettin' 'em lay face down, he shoved a white chip into the pot an' waited.

"The Colonel he let his two lay face down, like Filis's, after he'd drawed 'em, an' rai ed it five hundred again. O' course, that were the same as sayin' that his threes was big ones anyhow, an' Eliis picked up his cards an' looked at 'em a long time afore he spole. Finally, he says: Finally, he says:
"I see that bet, an' I go you a thousand

"An' then the Colonel he picks up his cards an' looks at 'em. They was a pair of sevens an', of course, made his hand good unless. Illis had caught the case card to his threes. so the Colonel wasn't scar d none. He looks troubed, though, an' he says to hills:
"I haven't any more money with me.
If you'll take my parer——"

If you'll take my parer—
"I'm sorry, Colonel,' says Ellis, 'but I don't like to mix up bus ness matters with

don't like to mix up bus ness matters with cards, an' you know what we were sayin' in the office the other day.'

"The Colonel flus ei, for it were almost the same as remindin' him that he'd drawed all the advances he could get, but he cidn't say nothin' for a minute. 'Peared like he were studying how he'd raise again, not likin' to call for a show for his pile, an' not ee in' what else to do. So Ellis, he spoke up again, an' he says: up again, an' he says:

"You've got a couple o' nizzers on board, Colorel, that's worth a trousand

upiece, an' if you want to play your hand y y harder I'll take 'em at that figger, On y you want to have a mighty good hand to do any more bettin, on it.

"Then the Colonel almost choked. The diggers was his boy Sam an' his wife's maid, a likely gal, as pretty as a picter and a good deal more'n half white. They is id afterward that he'd promised Sam 20' her

afterward that he'd promised Sam an' her that they c'd get married when they got back home, but, o' course, them bein' daves, promises didn't count, 'thouten the Colonel seed fit, a.' he had the gambler's fever on him for fair.

"It were a kind o' proposition that he c'd take as an hault or he c'd take up with, coordin' to how hard he wanted to play his hand.

"I c'd see Sam turn pale for he were

his hund.
"I c'd see Sam turn pale, for he, were pretty near white hisself, au' I reckon he caw what it'd near if Ellis ever wor, him m' Lucy au' took 'em buck to New Orleans. m' Lucy an' took 'em buck to speck, au' but he were too well trained to speck, au' he stood like a wooden man behind the Colonel's chuir, on'y I c'd see the nails diggir,' into the palms of his hands.

"Pretty soon the Colonel spoke, but I mill say it sounded like it was pretty hard work to get the words out. All he said as:
'Very well. I see your bet an' raise a housand.

both dieners, for he didn't put no money up. All 't Ellis says was:

"I call,' an' he shoves another 'housand in the pot. Then he shows down four tens.

"O' course, there couldn't be no fairer play han that, an' there wa', 't no question of who the riggers belonged to, but y here. o who the riggers belonest to, but the table, mich white, an' lockin' as if he was goin' to faint. Sam started along just as if nothin' had happe ed an' was crin' to take hold of his arm to steady him, but the Colonel arraightness hisself up like a ramrod an' waved him of

" 'Mr Ellis is your master now, my boy,' was all he suid, but his voice come rich breakin' an' I c'd so 't he was havin' all 't he c'd do to keep f'm breakin' do w for

"But Fl'is he spoke up as quiet an' smooth "But Flis he spoke up as quiet an smooth as you please, an he save:

"You'll wait on the Colonel. Sam, just the same as you always have, till we get to-Vicksburg."

"It were a proper nice thing to say, 'o course, an' I'd ha' set him down for a deep that of a man for sayin' it if I hadn't been lool in' at his eves when he spoke There was that over look in 'em' 'I didn't like, an' so mehow it come to me that he was thinkin' o' Lucy, an' I c'd ha' the owed him overboord with a relish. There wan't

him overboard with a relish. There wan't nothin' to be did though, an' I couldn't ha' nived in if there had been "I recken the Colonel wa'n't loo' in' at his eyes, or if he was he didn't catch the same meanin' in 'en that I did. Anyway.

all's he said was.

"I thank you, sir,' an' he took Sam's arms an' walked off to his state com.

"I f course, I den't know what was said in there, but offer about ten minutes Sam at Lucy core out together, an' he his arm around her an' was alwost carryin' has always.

er slong. She wan't cryin' nor nothin ut she 'peared to be only half sensible. The she was stunned.

"He was a tall in her clong to the servan's' qurters, when all of a sudden she threw arms shound his neck an' lissed him source in the mouth, an' then tore herself loose, li'e a maderitter, an' made a dash for the side o' the host.

"There was three or four tried to eatch

ner, but she we stoo chick for 'em, an' re reely knowe i what she was doin' was in the water. There was a terrille hull-balloo, an' the Cap'n he had a boat lowered, an' all that, but nobody ever s en

hen I think how cruel the old Miselssip' is sometimes I stop an' think o' her an'so wellke her, an' I save to myself mel be the timer wen't so cruel to her, after all, as Ellis might he' been."

PATENT MED CINES. A Recent l'Iscuss'on Pefore the New York

Medica' 'sseciation. From the Medical Nove.
At the regular monthly meeting of the New
York County Branch of the State Medical
Association on Nov 17, Dr. H. R. Purdy expressed the ordrion that our laws should be so shall be much less facile than it is at present. The use of many intoxicants is very seriously on the increase, and our present law is utterly unable to limit the evil Here, as with rezard to proprietary remedies drue its have drawn a little apart from the profession and the consequence is a serious abuse that needs correction.

drawn a little apart from the profession and the consequence is a serious abuse that needs correction. Dr. Eliot Harris said that a patent medicine in the true sense of the term is a perfectly prover preparation. If the medicine is a patent preparation, the specification according to which it was prepared is filled in the patent office in Washin ten. For five cents any one can obtain a copy of the formula according to which it is prepared. This is not then a secret remedy in the true sense of the term and a reputable physician may use it without injury to his medical standing. The code of chies only says that physicians shall not hold natents on remedies. It is in ited upon, because physicians owe a duty to the subilitiated to their professional by three not to descrive them of any all the tiles in them to were, since their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the their lifes work is not merely personal by the benefit of humanity.

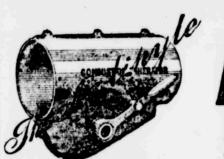
Dr. James J. Walsh said that proprietary remedies of a certain kind especially the real patent medicine, the one that is the result of a real discovery have a place in medicine. It must not be forsoftent at we owe many of our most valuable modern remedies to the investinations carried on by German chemists with the itea of discovering quinine. Practically all the valuable coultar series of remedies to the investinations carried on by German chemists with the itea of discovering quinine. Practically all the valuable coultar series of remedical in the sea are true patent medicines. Germany is not the only place where they have been made any the esterorise of American mye

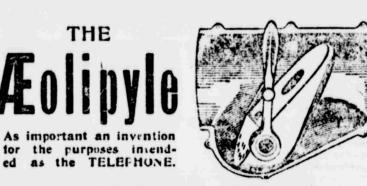
taken at random, for the contained only ordinary pharma eutilal preparations and only two ready-made rem dies. In 1892, of fifty prescriptions fifteen contained ready-made remedies and thirty-five pharma eutical preparations. In 1895 the proportion had risen to twenty-four proprietary to twenty-six recular in recidents; in 1894 there were thirty proprietary and only twenty recular components. In 1991 there were forty-one ready-made remedies written for, and only pine times did physicians make the complete present tions for themselves.

Dr. Delpher said that out of 1,000 successive present tions at a drug store mainly filling the pres riptions of thoroughly educated and up-to-date physicians, nearly two hundred of them contained secret preparations.

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EVEN TEMPERATURE The ÆOLIPYLE maintains an even temperature through the whole house, night and day. The furnace, with an ÆOLIPYLE attached, 2

hence no sitting of ashes. APPLICABLE TO HOUSE FURNACE, HOT WATER HEATER, LOW PRESSURE BOILER, STOVE OR RANGE.

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IF A MAN HAD TWO LIVES Would the Second I'e Any Better Than the First-A Practical Test.

"You hear men talking about what they

would do if they could live their lives over

a zain." said a man who poses for a sage in the hotel where he lives uptown. "Here is an experience which makes me have doubts on the subject.
"I went back to the country where I grew up, and which I left forty years ago. The

first thing I did after I had been in the old town a few hours was to go down to Jim Sims's place. "Jim was the first Scot I ever knew. He was an old seaman. He was the first man to introduce the Scotch game o shufil -board in the old town. He taught me the game.

"Jim was not at the old place when I went back. He had been dead fifteen years. However, I played shuffle, the first time in many years, and I did other things which go with the game, and went out of the place, as I had gone out of it years before. "The next day I went ap to the old court house where the boys used to loaf in summer. I clambered up into the cupola and went outside, and looked down upon the

"And then I jerked out my pocketknife and cut my name in the wooden railing. There was a time when the old railing around the cupola was a sort of city directory. Everybody who went up there cut his name in the raiting. "Not far away was the old hill where the schoolhouse used to stand. It was gone, but the hill was write with show and the

old hills and valle vs.

boys were coasting as we used to coast.

I borrowed a sled from a youngster, and lying down belly-buster fashion, I made at ip down the track, as I used to do. It shook me up a bit, but i did t, and, as in other days, I narrowly escaped collicing "I went into a store where every one used to know me. It was arranged very dif-ferent from the old store, but the fever was on me and I sat down on a counter. "The floorwalker asked me where I came from. I told him. He said that nobody ever sat on a counter in these days.

"Wherever I went the old desire to do
what I had done in the old days came back
upon me. It came very near resulting in

my undoing.
"I was passing by a house where I used to go courting. The old house was not changed very much, and the first thing I knew I was at the door pulling the bell-knob out its socket. A demure woman answered the ring.
"Is also Amada at home?" I asked. T at was the name of the girl I used to go

to se in that home.

"The matron looked at me very suspiciously and slammed the door. As I was passing down the waik the man of the house overtook me and demanded an explohation and an apology.

"I finally explained who I was and then the man asked me to go back, which I did. He showed me around the old place and I.

fellow art ram. As I was a pretty good fellow art ram. As I was laighe said:

"I supp s you always kissed your sweet at 1 laving?"

"I teld him he was all rig t on tel pathy."

"Well the result of the pathy."

"I see that the Assistant Processing."

Well, no reall d, there isn't any girl bere now for you to kiss. I am doing all that business mys I in this establis ment. But if you'll st p into my den we'll have a dink tog t er."
"His den was the room of Amanda's

brother, and there he and I used to go and make sheaks on his father's bettle. "And now whenever I hear a man talk-ing about what he would do if he could live ais like over I conclude that he would do just what he did before if he were in the same place. I don't blieve any of us ould be any better than we are, and probably not as good.
"In l avi.g t e old town I saw an orchard

a d st al fruit came back upon me as strongly as it did when in other days 1 vi kied to it. I felt like jumping from the train."

TRIGGER FISH AT PLAY.

Queer Tricks Practised by Some of the Inmates of the Aquarlum. "O, mamma, see the dite fsh carryng around the cish. He's trying to get the other fishes to give him semething." Thus a the rill to her mother, the two stanci gin rout of the tack of youngtrigger fishes at the Aquarium. What she

arcurd t the in k with a clausiell in the neith, he dough from teffit, like a cirl.

The arc in this tank, cach seven of this tickes in legal, three young trigger in hes. The trigger fill has file, sicul, shart teth, will will him nature it blies of the fill the seven hes. off for freed nu sels are Larracles that t finds if g : a the rocks.

The trigger fish that here has taken to it king up the clam shell found by g it the tank a d carrying it about ever the teach over its idee as it might over the edge of a little rancer, a d loking it out it, front it can to off with 't and but is into one of the class time transport the start of the class with it. e of the etter trigger flaces with it. Then very likely the third trigger fish ll come as d but i to the one corryi, a e clamshell as though to make a crop. To three fishes law every appearance lider at they. Then the felt with the all will said off the one the water with d seim around in the tail

the descine accord is the task. The trigger fish may carry this clamshell about for two or three ni was and then drop it the shell falling through it e water to the bettem of the task, where the trigger fish fited it when it wasts it again.

And it picks up the clamshell and goes skirmishing around the task with it a dozen

Some Papers Claim Everything.

"I see that the Assistant Presecuting Attorney of Buchanan county, Mo., Sam Motter, a Yale man, was fined for contempt of court by a St. Joe Magistrate because he let out a Missouri sneeze in court the other day." said a former Missouri lawyer now living in New York. "The courts of old St. Joe were always noted for

roosting pretty high on the bench. "Once when Silas Woodson was Circuit Judge he was afterward Governor of the State-his former law partner, Samuel J. Ensworth, who was a Vermont clock pedler before he went West to practise law, was replying to an argument which had been made by a young Ann Arbor graduate

who had in his address cited 'Coke on Littl ton.'
Ensworth in his answer said he did not care, ki ow who Coke was, and he dien't care, but his opinions were not knie high to a grasshopper compared with the decisions the bench than a ten-acre lot of Cokes.'
"Woodson was a haughty Kentuckian, and a learned judge. He interrupted Ens-

o th with the remark:
"Mr. Ensworth, your opinion of Judge "'Mr. kneworth, your opinion of Judge Ryland mests with my approbation, but I cannot allow you to reflect on the memory of so eminent a jurist as this sustice Coke of the kings Parch without a reprimard. Besides, Mr. Ensworth, as you were my former associate in practice your remarks are a reflective on me. are a reflection on me.

"The f ct that I was associated with

you,' said Ensworth hotly, 'is a reflection you, said Ensworth holly, is a reflection on me.'

"'Mr. Pidenlough, [the clerk] enter a fine of \$50 against Mr. Ensworth for contempt of coult, is id Judge Woodson.

"'Mr. Rithshough, interrupted Ensworth, if this tourt has any more contempt for me than I have for it. I am willing to pay the fine right now.'

"The in ident closed, and after adjournment of court's, and Sam' as we called them pily tely, wert down the street together." priv tely, went down the street together in his private office when court was . .



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